VERA EFFIGIES. ABRAHAMI COWLEY. REGII ALVMNI SCHOLÆ WEST:
Ætatis Suæ 33

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Cornelius Paine

# POETICALL BLOSSOMES.

*The third Edition.*

Enlarged by the Author.

*——fit ſurculus Arbor.*

LONDON.
Printed by E. P. for HENRY SEILE, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop at the ſigne of the Tygers-head in Fleet-ſtreet between the Bridge and the Conduit
1637.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE

AND RIGHT REVEREND FATHER

IN GOD, IOHN LORD BISHOP

OF LINCOLNE AND DEANE

OF WESTMINSTER.

MY LORD,

*Might well feare, least these my rude and unpolisht lines, should offend your Honourable survay; but that I hope your Noblenesse will rather smile at the faults committed by a* Child, *then censure them. Howsoever I desire your* Lordships *pardon, for presenting things so unworthy to your view, and to accept the good will of him, who in all dutie is bound to be*

Your Lordships

most humble servant.



*Abraham Cowley.*

# To the Reader.

READER (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know, have beene angrie (I dare not assume the honour of their envie) at my Poeticall boldnes, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earlinesse: others, who are either of a weake faith, or strong malice, have thought me like a Pipe, which never sounds but when 'tis blowed in, and read me, not as *Abraham Cowley*, but *Autherem anonymum*: to the first I answer, that it is an envious frost which nippes the Blossomes, because they appeare quickly to the latter, that he is the worst homicide who strives to murther anothers fame; to both, that it is a ridiculous follie to condemne or laugh at the starres, because the Moone and Sunne shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blowne then extinguished by this wind. For the itch of Poesie by being angered encreaseth, by rubbing, spreads farther; which appeares in that I have ventured upon this third Edition.

Edition. What though it be neglected? It is not I am sure, the first booke, which hath lighted Tobacco, or been imployed by Cooks, and Groacers. If in all mens judgements it suffer shipwracke, it shall something content mee, that it hath pleased My selfe and the Bookseller. In it you shall finde one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers in which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath encreased, so they have not left my Poesie flagging behind them. I should not bee angrie to see any one burne my *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe*, nay I would doe it my selfe, but that I hope a pardon may easily bee gotten for the errors of ten yeeres age. My *Constantia* and *Philotus* confesseth mee two yeeres older when I writ it. The rest were made since upon severall occasions, and perhaps doe not belie the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by mee, but their fate lies in your hands, it is onely you, can effect, that neither the Booke-seller repent himselfe of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in compoſing them. Farewell.

*A. C.*

To his deare Friend and Schoole-fellow *Abraham Cowley*, on his flourishing and hopefull BLOSSOMES.

NAture we say decayes, because our Age
Is worse then were the Times of old: The Stage
And Histories the former times declare:
In these our latter Dayes what defects are
Experience teacheth. What then? shall we blame
Nature for this? Not so; let us declame
Rather against our Selves: 'tis we Decay,
Not She: Shee is the same every way
She was at first. COVVLEY, thou prov'st this truth.
Could ever former Age brag of a Youth
So forward at these yeeres? Could NASO write
Thus young such wittie Poems? TVLLI's mite
Of Eloquence, at this age was not seene.
Nor yet was CATO's judgement, at Thirteene
So great as thine. Suppose it were so; yet
He CICERO's Eloquence, TVLLY the Wit
Of OVID wanted: OVID too came farre
In Judgement behind CATO. Therefore are
None of all equall unto Thee, so pretty,
So Eloquent, Judicious, and Witty.
Let the world's spring time but produce and show
Such Blossomes as thy Writings are, and know,
Then (not till then) shall my opinion be,
That it is Nature faileth, and not wee.

BEN. MASTERS.

To his Friend and Schoole-fellow ABRAHAM COWLEY, on his Poeticall BLOSSOMES.

*MAny, when* Youths *of tender* Age *they see*
*Expressing* CATO, *in their Gravity,*
Judgement, *and* Wit, *will oftentimes report,*
*They thinke their thread of* Life *exceeding short.*
*But my opinion is not so of* Thee,
*For thou shalt live, to all* Posterity.
*These gifts will never let* thee *dye, for* Death
*Can not bereave thee of thy* fame, *though breath.*
*Let snarling* Criticks *spend their braines to find*
*A fault, though there be none; This is my mind;*
*Let him that carpeth with his vipers Tongue,*
*Thinke with himselfe what he could doe as* young.
*But if the* Springing Blossomes, *thus rare bee,*
*What ripen'd* Fruit *shall we hereafter see?*

ROB. MEADE,
*Condiscipulus.*

# To the Reader.

## I.

I Call'd the buskin'd Muse MELPOMENE,
And told her What sad Story I would write:
Shee wept at hearing such a Tragedie,
Though wont in mournefull Dittits to delight.
If thou dislike these sorrowfull lines; Then know
My Muse With teares not with Conceits did flow.

## II.

And as shee my unable quill did guide,
Her briny teares did on the paper fall,
If then unequall numbers bee espied,
Oh Reader! dot not that my error call,
But thinke her teares defac't it, and blame then
My Muses griefe, and not my missing Pen.

Abraham Cowley.

# CONSTANTIA AND PHILETVS.

1.

I Sing two constant Lovers various fate,
The hopes, and feares which equally attend
Their loves: Their rivals envie, Parents hate;
I sing their sorrowfull life, and tragicke end.
Assist me this sad story to rehearse
You Gods, and be propitious to my verse.

2.

In *Florence*, for her stately buildings fam'd,
And lofty roofes that emulate the skie;
There dwelt a lovely Mayd *Constantia* nam'd,
Renown'd, as mirrour of all *Italy*.
Her lavish nature did at first adorne,
With *Pallas* soule in *Cytherea's* forme.

And

3.

And framing her attractive eyes so bright,
Spent all her wit in studie, that they might
Keepe th'earth from *Chaos*, and eternall night;
But envious Death destroy'd their glorious light.
Expect not beauty then, since shee did part;
For in her Nature wasted all her Art.

4.

Her hayre was brighter then the beames which are
A Crowne to *Phœbus*, and her breath so sweet,
It did transcend *Arabian* odours farre,
Or th'smelling Flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet
Approaching Summer, teeth like falling snow
For white, were placed in a double row.

5.

Her wit excell'd all praise, all admiration,
And speech was so attractive it might be
A meanes to cause great *Pallas* indignation,
And raise an envie from that Deity.
The mayden Lillyes at her lovely sight
Waxt pale with envie, and from thence grew white.

6.

She was in birth and parentage as high
As in her fortune great, or beauty rare,
And to her vertuous mindes nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her spotlesse Soule, and lovely Face
Thou might'st have seene each Deity and grace.

The

7.

The scornefull Boy *Adonis* viewing her
Would *Venus* still despise, yet her desire,
Each who but saw, was a Competitor
And rivall, scorcht alike with *Cupid's* fire.
The glorious beames of her fayre Eyes did move,
And light beholders on their way to Love.

8.

Amongst her many Sutors a young Knight
Bove others wounded with the Majesty
Of her faire presence, presseth most in sight;
Yet seldome his desire can satisfie
With that blest object, or her rarenesse see;
*For Beauties guard, a watchfull Ielo'ousie.*

9.

Oft-times that he might see his *Dearest faire*,
Vpon his stately Iennet he in th'way
Rides by her house, who neigh's, as if he were
Proud to be viewd by bright *Constantia*.
But his poore Master though to see her move
His joy, dares show no looke betraying love.

10.

Soone as the morne peep'd from her rosie bed
And all Heavens smaller lights expulsed were:
She by her friends and neere acquaintance led
Like other Maids oft walk't to take the ayre;
*Aurora* blusht at such a sight unknowne, (owne.
To see those checkes were redder then her

Th'ob

11.

Th'obſequious Lover follows ſtill her traine
And where they goe, that way his journey feines.
Should they turne backe, he would turne backe againe;
For where his Love, his buſineſſe there remaines.
Nor is it ſtrange hee ſhould be loath to part
From her, ſince ſhee had ſtolne away his heart.

12.

*Philetus* hee was call'd ſprung from a race
Of Noble anceſtors; But greedy *Time*
And envious *Fate* had labour'd to deface
The glory which in his great Stocke did ſhine;
His ſtate but ſmall, ſo Fortune did decree,
But *Love* being blind, hee that could never ſee.

13.

Yet he by chance had hit his heart aright,
And on *Conſtantia's* eye his Arrow whet,
Had blowne the Fire, that would deſtroy him quite,
Vnleſſe his flames might like in her beget:
But yet he feares, becauſe he blinded is,
Though he have ſhot him right, her heart hee'l miſſe.

14.

Vnto *Loves* Altar therefore hee repayers,
And offers there a pleaſing Sacrifice;
Intreating *Cupid* with inducing Prayers,
To looke upon, and eaſe his Miſeries:
Where having wept, recovering breath againe,
Thus to immortall *Love* he did complaine:

Ob

15.

*Oh* Cupid! *thou whose uncontrolled sway,*
*Hath oft-times rul'd the* Olympian *Thunderer,*
*Whom all Celestiall Deities obey,*
*Whom Men and Gods both reverence and feare!*
*Oh force* Constantia's *heart to yeeld to Love,*
*Of all thy Workes the Master-piece 'tswill prove.*

16.

*And let me not Affection vainely spend,*
*But kindle flames in her, like those in me;*
*Yet if that guift my Fortune doth transcend,*
*Grant that her charming Beauty I may see:*
*And view those Eyes which with their ravishing sight,*
*Doe onely give contentment to my sight.*

17.

*Those who contemne thy sacred Deity,*
*And mocke thy power, let them those anger know,*
*I faultlesse am, nor can't an honour be*
*To wound your slave alone, and spare your Foe.*
Here teares and sighes speake his imperfect mone,
In language farre more dolorous than his owne.

18.

Home he retyr'd, his Soule he brought not home,
Iust like a Ship whil'st every mounting wave
Tost by enraged *Boreas* up and downe,
Threatens the Mariner with a gaping grave;
Such did his case, such did his state appeare,
Alike distracted betweene hope and feare.

Thin-

19.

Thinking her love hee never shall obtaine,
One morne he goes to th'Woods, and doth complaine
Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vaine,
And thus fond *Echo*, answers him againe.
So that it seemes *Aurora* wept to heare,
For th'verdant grasse was dew'd with many a teare.

# THE ECCHO.

1.

O H! what hath caus'd my killing miseries?
Eyes, Eccho said, what hath detain'd my ease?
Ease, straight the resonable Nymph replyes,
That nothing can my troubled minde appease:
Peace, Eccho answers. What, is any nigh?
Quoth he: at which, she quickly utters, I.

2.

If? Eccho answers? tell mee then thy will:
I will, shee said. what shall I get (quoth he)
By loving still? to which she answers, ill.
Ill? shall I void of wishs for pleasure dye?
I; shall not I who tryle in ceaselesse paine,
Some pleasure know? no, she replyes againe.

3.

*False and inconstant Nymph, thou best (quoth he)*
*Thou best, shee said, And I deserv'd her hate,*
*If I should thee believe; believe, (saith shee)*
*Forwby thy idle words are of no weight.*
*Weigh it (shee replies) I therefore will depart,*
*To which, resounding Eccho answers; part.*

20.

Then from the Woods with wounded heart he goes,
Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his minde.
He quarrels withhimselfe because his woes
Spring from himselfe, yet can no medicine finde:
Hee weepes to quench the fires that burn in him,
But teares doe fall to th'earth, flames are within.

21.

No morning banisht darkenesse, nor blacke night
By her alternate course expuls'd the day,
Which in *Philetus* by a constant rite
At *Cupids* Altars did not weepe and pray;
And yet had reaped nought for all his paine
But Care and Sorrow, that was all his gaine.

22.

But now at last the pitying God, o'recome
By's constant votes and teares, fixt in her heart
A golden shaft, and she is now become
A suppliant to Love that with like Dart
Hee'd wound *Philetus*, and doth now implore
With teares, ayde from that power she scorn'd before.

23.

Little she thinkes she kept *Philetus* heart
In her (short) breast, because her owne she gave
To him. Since either suffers equall smart,
And alike measure in their torments have:
His Soule, his griefe, his fires, now hers are growne:
Her heart, her minde, her love is his alone.

24.

Whilst thoughts 'gainst thoughts rise up in mutinie,
Shee took a Lute (being farre from any eares)
And tun'd this Song, posing that harmony
Which Poets wit attributes to the Sphears:
Whose ravishing Notes, if when her Love was slaine
She had sung; from *Styx* had cald him backe againe.

THE

# The Song.

## 1.

*TO whom shall I my Sorrowes show?*
*Not to Love, for he is blinde:*
*And my* Philetus *doth not know,*
*The inward sorrow of my minde.*
*And all the seeleſſe walls which are*
*Now round about me, cannot heare.*

## 2.

*For if they could, they ſure would weepe,*
*And with my griefes relent:*
*Unleſſe their willing teares they keepe,*
*Till I from th'earth am ſent.*
*Then I beleeve they'l all deplore*
*My fate, ſince I them taught before.*

## 3.

*I willingly would weepe my ſtore,*
*If the'ſtood would land thy Love,*
*My deare* PHILETVS *on the ſhoare*
*Of my heart; but ſhouldſt thou prove*
*Afeard of flames, know the fires are*
*But bonefires for thy comming there.*

25.

Then teares in envie of her speech did flow
From her faire eyes, as if it seem'd that there
Her burning flame had melted hills of snow,
And so dissol'ved them into many a teare;
Which *Nilus* like, did quickly over-flow,
And caused soone new serpent griefes to grow.

26.

Heere stay my *Muse*, for if I should recite,
Her mournefull Language, I should make you weepe
Like her a floud, and so not see to write,
Such lines as I and th'age requires to keepe
Mee from sterne death, or with victorious rime,
Revenge their Masters death, and conquer time.

27.

By this time, chance and his owne industry
Had helpt *Philetus* forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her Brother, so that he,
Might by this meanes, his bright *Constantia* view:
And as time serv'd shew her his miserie:
And this was the first Act in's Tragedie.

28

Thus to himselfe sooth'd by his flattering state,
He said; *How shall I thanke thee for this gaine,*
*O* Cupid, *or reward my helping Fate,*
*which sweetens all my sorrowes, all my paine;*
*What Husband-man would any sweet refuse,*
*To reape at last such fruit, his labours use?*

But

29.

But waighing straight his doubtfull state aright,
Seeing his griefes linkt like an endlesse chaine
To following woes, he could despaire delight,
Quench his hot flames, and empty love disdaine.
But *Cupid* when his heart was set on fire,
Had burnt his wings, and could not then retyre.

30.

The wounded youth, and kinde *Philocrates*
(So was her Brother call'd) grew soone so deare,
So true, and constant, in their Amities,
And in that league so strictly joyned were;
That Death it selfe could not their friendship sever.
But as they liv'd in love, they dyde together.

31.

If one be melancholy, th'other's sad;
If one be sicke, the other he is ill,
And if *Philetus* any sorrow had,
*Philocrates* was partner in it still:
*Pylades* soule and mad *Orestes* was
In these, if wee beleeve *Pythagoras*.

32.

Oft in the Woods *Philetus* walkes, and there
Exclaimes against his fate, fate too unkind.
With speaking teares his griefes he doth declare,
And with sad sighes teacheth the angrie *Wind*,
To sigh, and though it were so cruell were,
It roar'd to heare *Philetus* tell his care.

33.

The Christall Brookes which gently runne betweene
The shadowing Trees, and as they through them passe
Water the Earth, and keepe the Medowes greene,
Giving a colour to the verdant Grasse:
Hearing *Philetus* tell his wofull state,
In shew of griefe runne murmuring at his Fate.

34.

*Philomel* answeres him againe and shewes,
In her best language, her sad Historie,
And in a mournfull sweetnesse tels her woes,
Denying to be pos'd in miserie:
*Constantia* he, she *Tereus*, *Tereus* eyes,
With him both griefe, and griefes expression vies.

35.

*Philocrates* must needes his sadnesse know,
Willing in ills, aswell as joyes to share,
Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,
Who in sport, not in sorrowes partners are.
Who leaves to guide the Ship when stormes arise,
Is guilty both of sinne, and cowardise.

36.

But when his noble Friend perceiv'd that he
Yeelded to tyrant Passion more and more,
Desirous to partake his malady,
He watches him in hope to cure his sore
By counsell, and recall the poysonous Dart,
When it alas was fixed in his heart.

When

37.

When in the Woods, places best fit for care,
Hee to himselfe did his past griefes recite,
The obsequious friend straight followes him, and there
Doth hide himselfe from sad *Philetus* sight.
Who thus exclaimes; for a swolne heart would breake,
If it for vent of sorrow might not speake.

38.

*Oh! I am left, not in this Desart Wood,*
*But in loves pathlesse Labyrinth, there I*
*My health, each ioy and pleasure counted good*
*Have lost, and which is more, my liberty,*
*And now am forc't to let him sacrifice*
*My heart, for rash beleeving of my eyes.*

39.

*Long have I stayed, but yet have no releife,*
*Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour shewne,*
*Because she knowes not of my killing griefe,*
*And I have feard, to make my sorrowes knowne,*
*For why alas, if shee should once but dart*
*At me disdaine, 'twould kill my subiect heart.*

40.

*But how should shee, ere I impart my Love,*
*Reward my ardent flame with like desire?*
*But when I speake, if shee should angry prove,*
*Laugh at my flowing teares, and scorne my fire?*
*Why, he who hath all sorrowes borne before,*
*Needeth not feare to be oppress with more.*

41.

*Philocrates* no longer can forbeare,
But running to his lov'd Friend; *Oh* (said he)
*My deare* Philetus *be thy selfe, and sweare*
*To rule that Passion which now masters Thee,*
*And all thy faculties; but if 't may not be,*
*Give to thy Love but eyes that it may see.*

42.

Amazement strikes him dumbe, what shall he doe?
Should he reveale his Love, he feares twould prove,
A hindrance; which should he deny to show,
It might perhaps his deare friends anger move:
These doubts like *Scylla* and *Charibdis* stand,
Whilst *Cupid* a blind Pilot doth command.

43.

At last resolv'd; how shall I seeke, said hee,
To excuse my selfe, dearest *Philocrates*;
That I from thee have hid this secrecie?
Yet censure not, give me first leave to ease
My case with words, my griefe you should have known
Ere this, if that my heart had been my owne.

44.

*I am all Love, my heart was burnt with fire*
*From two bright Sunnes which doe all light disclose;*
*First kindling in my breast the flame desire,*
*But like the rare* Arabian *Bird, there rose*
*From my hearts ashes never quenched Love,*
*Which now this torment in my soule doth move.*

*Oh!*

45.

*Oh! let not then my Paſſion cauſe your hate,*
*Nor let my choiſe offend you, or detayne*
*Your ancient Friendſhip; 'tis alas too late*
*To call my firme affection backe againe:*
*No Phyſicke can recure my weake'n'd ſtate,*
*The wound is growne too great, too deſperate.*

46.

But *Counſell ſayd* his Friend, a remedy
Which never fayles the Patient, may at leaſt
If not quite heale your mindes infirmity,
Aſſwage your torment, and procure ſome reſt.
*But there is no Phyſitian can apply*
*A medicine, ere he know the Malady.*

47.

Then heare me, ſaid *Philetus*; but why? Stay.
I will not toyle thee with my hiſtory,
For to remember Sorrowes paſt away,
Is to renew an old Calamity.
*Hee who acquainteth others with his mone,*
*Addes to his friends griefe, but not cures his owne.*

48.

But ſaid *Philocrates*, 'tis beſt in woe,
To have a faithfull partner of their care;
That burthen may be undergone by two,
Which is perhaps too great for one to beare.
I ſhould miſtruſt your love to hide from me
Your thoughts, and taxe you of *Inconſtancy.*

What

49.

What shall he doe? or with what language frame
Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,
But open his close thoughts, and inward flame,
With that, as prologue to his Tragedy.
Hee sigh'd, as if they'd coole his torments ire,
When they alas, did blow the raging fire.

.... 50.

When yeeres first styl'd me Twenty, I began
To sport with catching snares that love had set,
Like birds that flutter 'bout the gyn, till tane,
Or the poore Fly caught in *Arachnes* net:
Even so I sported with her Beauties light,
Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

51.

First it came stealing on me, whil'st I thought,
'Twas easie to expulse it, but as fire,
Though but a sparke, soone into flames is brought,
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
Which so have scorcht my love-strucke soule, that I
Still live in torment, though each minute dye.

52.

Who is it, said *Philocrates*, can move
With charming eyes such deep affection?
I may perhaps assist you in your love,
Two can effect more than your selfe alone.
My counsell this thy error may reclaime,
Or my salt teares quench thy annoying flame.

Nay

53.

Nay said *Philetus*, oft my eyes doe flow
Like *Nilus*, when it scornes th'oppoſed ſhore:
Yet all the watery plenty I beſtow,
Is to my flame an oyle, which feedes it more.
So fame reports of the *Dodonean* ſpring,
That lights a torch the which is put therein.

54.

But being you deſire to know her, ſhe
Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a ſhower
As if they faine would drowne the memory
Of his life keepers name,) *Conſtantia*; more
Griefe would not let him utter; *Teares the beſt*
*Expreſſers of true ſorrow, ſpoke the reſt.*

55.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
And was this all? What ere your griefe would eaſe
Though a farre greater taske, beleev't for thee
It ſhould be ſoone done by *Philocrates*;
Thinke all you wiſh perform'd, but ſee, the day
Tyr'd with its heate is haſting now away.

56.

Home from the ſilent Woods, night bids them goe,
But ſad *Philetus* can no comfort finde,
What in the day he feares of future woe,
At night in dreames, like truth, affrights his mind.
Why do'ſt thou vex him, Love? Hadſt eyes (I ſay)
Thou wouldſt thy ſelfe have lov'd *Conſtantia*.

*Philo-*

57.

Philocrates pittying his dolefull mone,
And wounded with the Sorrowes of his friend,
Brings him to fayre Constantia; where alone
Hee might impart his love, and eyther end
His fruitlesse hopes, crept by her coy disdaine,
Or by her liking, his wisht layes attaine.

58.

Fairest (quoth he) whom the bright Heavens doe cover,
Doe not these teares, these speaking teares, despise,
And dolorous sighes, of a submissive Lover,
Thus strucke to th'earth by your all dazeling Eyes.
And doe not you contemne that ardent flame,
Which from your selfe, Your owne faire Beauty came.

59.

Trust me, I long have hid my love, but now
Am forc't to show't, such is my inward smart,
And you alone (sweet faire) the meanes do know
To heale the wound of my consuming heart.
Then since it onely in your power doth lie
To kill, or save, Oh helpe! or elst I dye.

60.

His gently cruell Love, did thus reply;
I for your paine am grieved, and would doe
Without impeachment to my Chastity
And honour, any thing might pleasure you.
But if beyond those limits you demand,
I must not answer, (Sir) nor understand.

Belee

61.

Beleeve me vertuous maiden, my desire
Is chast and pious, as thy Virgin thought,
No flash of lust, 'tis no dishonest fire
Which goes as soone as it was quickly brought:
But as thy beauty pure, which let not bee
Eclipsed by disdaine, and cruelty.

62.

Oh! how shall I reply (quoth shee) thou hast won
My soule, and therefore take thy victory:
Thy eyes and speaches have my heart o'recome,
And if I should deny thee love, then I
Should bee a Tyrant to my selfe; that fire
Which is kept close, burnes with the greatest ire.

63.

Yet doe not count my yeelding, lightnesse in mee,
Impute it rather to my ardent love,
Thy pleasing carriage long agoe did win me,
And pleading beauty did my liking move.
Thy eyes which draw like loadstones with their might
The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

64.

Oh! I am rapt above the reach, said hee,
Of thought, my soule already feeles the blisse
Of heaven, when (sweet) my thoughts once tax but thee
With any crime, may I lose all happinesse
Is wisht for: both your favour here, and dead,
*May the just Gods power vengeance on my head.*

Whilst

65.

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their fate)
*Constantia's* father entred in the roome,
When glad *Philetus* ignorant of his state,
Kisses her cheekes, more red then setting Sun,
Or else, the morne, blushing through clouds of water,
To see ascending *Sol* congratulate her.

66.

Just as the guilty prisoner fearefull stands
Reading his fatall *Thita* in the browes
Of him, who both his life and death commands,
Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knowes,
Such was his state to see her father come,
Nor wisht for, nor expected to the roome.

67.

The inrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intrudence in that house, nor be
At any time with his lov'd daughter there
Till he had given him such authority,
But to depart, since she her love did shew him
Was living death, with lingring torments to him.

68.

This being knowne to kind *Philocrates*,
He cheates his friend, bidding him banish feare,
And by some letter his griev'd minde appease,
And shew her that which to her friendly eare,
Tyme gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
Declares to her, the absent lovers will.

THE

# THE LETTER.

## PHILETVS TO CONSTANTIA.

*I Truſt (deare Soule) my abſence cannot move*
*You to forget, or doubt my ardent love;*
*For were there any meanes to ſee you, I*
*Would runne through Death, and all the miſerie*
*Fate could inflict, that ſo the World might ſay,*
*In Life and Death I lov'd* Conſtantia.
*Then let not (deareſt Sweet) our abſence ſever*
*Our loves, let them join'd cloſely ſtill together*
*Give warmth to one another, till there riſe*
*From all our labours, and our induſtries*
*The long expected fruits; have patience (Sweet)*
*There's no man whom the Summer pleaſures greet*
*Before he taſt the Winter, none can ſay,*
*Ere night was gone, he ſaw the riſing Day.*
*So when we once have waſted Sorrowes night,*
*The ſunne of Comfort then ſhall give us light.*

PHILETVS.

This

This when *Constantia* read, shee thought her state.
Most happy by *Philetus* Constancie,
And perfect Love: she thankes her flattering Fate,
Kisses the paper, till with kissing she
The welcome Characters doth dull and stayne,
Then thus with inke and teares writes backe againe.

## CONSTANTIA TO PHILETVS.

*YOur absence (Sir) though it be long, yet I*
*Neither forget, nor doubt your Constancie.*
*Nor need you feare, that I should yeeld unto*
*Another, what to your true Love is due.*
*My heart is yours, it is not in my claime,*
*Nor have I power to giv't away againe.*
*There's nought but death can part our soules, no time*
*Or angry Friends, shall make my Love decline:*
*But for the harvest of our hopes I'le stay,*
*Vnlesse Death cut it, ere't be ripe, away.*

CONSTANTIA.

*Oh!*

70.

Oh! how this Letter did exalt his pride!
More proud was he of this, then *Phaeton*;
When *Phœbus* flaming Chariot he did guide,
Before he knew the danger was to come.
Or else then *Jove*, when from *Latona* hee
Returned, with the *Pisans* victory.

71.

But ere the Autumne which faire *Ceres* crown'd,
Had paid the sweating Plow-mans greedieſt prayer;
And by the Fall diſrob'd the gawdy ground
Of all her Summer ornaments, they were
By kind *Philocrate* together brought,
Where they this means t'enjoy their freedome wrought.

72.

Sweet Miſtreſſe, ſaid *Philetus*, ſince the time
Propitious to our votes, now gives us leave
To enjoy our loves, let us not deare reſigne
His long'd for favour, nor our ſelves bereave
Of what we wiſht for, opportunitie;
That may too ſoon the wings of Love out-flie.

73.

For when your Father, as his cuſtome is,
For pleaſure, doth purſue the timerous Hare;
If you'l reſort but thither, I'le not miſſe
To be in thoſe Woods ready for you, where
We may depart in ſafety, and no more
With Dreames of pleaſure onely, heale our ſore.

74.

This both the Lovers ſoon agreed upon,
But ere they parted, he deſires that ſhe
Would bleſſe his greedy hearing, with a *Song*
From her harmonious voyce, ſhe doth agree
To his requeſt, and doth this Ditty ſing,
Whoſe raviſhing *Notes* new fires to's old doe bring.

THE

# The Song.

1.

TIme flye with greater speed away,
Adde feathers to thy wings,
Till thy hast in flying brings
That wisht for, and expected Day.

2.

Comforts sunne, we then shall see,
Though at first it darkned bee,
With dangers, yet those Clouds being gone,
Our Day will put his lustre on.

3.

Then though Deaths sad night doe come,
And we in silence sleepe,
'Lasting Day agen will greet
Our ravisht Soules, and then there's none

4.

Can part us more, no Death, nor Friends,
Being dead, their power o're us ends.
Thus there's nothing can dissever,
Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together.

75.

Fear of being seen, *Philetus* homeward drove,
But ere they part she willingly doth give
As faithfull pledges of her constant love
Many a kisse, and then each other leave
In griefe, though rapt with joy that they have found
A way to heale the torment of their wound.

76.

But ere the Sun through many dayes had run,
*Constantia*'s charming beauty had o'recome
*Guiscardo*'s heart, and's scorn'd affection won,
Her eyes, they conquered all they shone upon,
Shot through his eyes such hot desire,
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

77.

In rooses which Gold and *Parian* stone adorn,
Proud as their Landlords minde, he did abound,
In fields so fertile for their yeerly corne,
As might contend with fercht *Calabria*'s ground;
But in his soule where should be the best store
Of surest riches, he was bare and poore.

78.

Him was *Constantia* urg'd continually
By her friends to love, sometimes they did intreat
With gentle speeches, and mild courtesie,
Which when they see despis'd by her, they threat,
But love too deep was seated in her heart,
To be worn out with thought of any smart.

He

79.

Her father shortly went unto the Wood
To hunt, his friend *Guiscardo* being there,
With others who by friendship and by blood
Vnto *Constantia's* aged Father were
Allyed neere, there likewise were with these,
His beautious Daughter, and *Philocrates*.

80.

Being entred in the pathlesse woods, whilst they
Pursue their game, *Philetus* which was late
Hid in a thicket, carries straight away
His Love, and hastens his owne hastie fate,
Which came too soone upon him, and his Sunne
Eclipsed was, before it fully shone.

81.

For when *Constantia's* missed, in a maze,
Each takes a severall course, and by curst fate
*Guiscardo* runs, with a love-carried pace
Towards them, who little knew their sorrowfull state:
So hee like bold *Icarus* soaring hye
To Honours, fell to th'depth of misery.

82.

For when *Guiscardo* sees his Rivall there,
Swelling with envious rage, hee comes behind
*Philetus*, who such fortune did not feare,
And with his flaming sword a way doth find
To his heart, who ere that death possest him quite,
In these few words gaspt out his flying spirit.

83.

*O fate* Constantia, *my short race is runne,*
*See how my blood the thirsty ground doth dye,*
*But live thou happier then thy love hath done,*
*And when I'm dead, thinke sometime upon me.*
More my short time permits me not to tell,
For now death ceizeth me, *oh my deare farewell.*

84.

As soon as he had spoke these words, life fled
From's wounded body, whil'st *Constantia* thee
Kisses his cheekes which lose their lively red,
And become pale, and wan, and now each eye
Which was so bright, is like, when life was done
*A fallen flowre, or an eclipsed Sunne.*

85.

Thither *Philocrates* by's fate being drove
To accompany *Philetus* Tragedy,
Seeing his friend was dead, and's sorrowfull love
Sate weeping o're his bleeding body, I
Will now revenge thy death (best friend) said he,
Or in thy murther beare thee company.

86.

I am by *Jove* sent to revenge this fate,
Nay, stay *Guiscardo*, thinke not heaven in jest,
'Tis vaine to hope flight can secure thy state.
Then thrusting's sword into the Villaines breast:
Here said *Philocrates*, thy life I send
A sacrifice, t'appease my slaughter'd friend.

87.

But he falls: here take a reward said he
For this thy victory, with that he flung
His killing Rapier at his enemy,
Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
With that he falls, but lifting up his eyes,
Farewell *Constantia*, that word said, he dyes.

88.

What shall she doe? she to her brother runnes
And's cold, and liveleſſe body doth imbrace,
She calls to him, he cannot heare her moanes:
And with her kiſſes warmes his clammy face.
*My deare* Philocrates, *ſore weeping cryes*,
*Speake to thy Siſter*: but no voyce replyes.

89.

Then running to her Love, with many a teare,
Thus her minds fervent paſſion ſhe expreſs't,
O ſtay (bleſt Soule) ſtay but a little here,
And we will both haſt to a laſting reſt.
Then to *Elyſiums* Manſions both together
Wee'l journey, and be marryed there for ever.

90.

But when ſhe ſaw they both were dead, quoth ſhe,
Oh my *Philetus*, for thy ſake will I
Make up a full and perfect Tragedy,
Since 'twas for me (Deare Love) that thou didſt dye,
Ile follow thee, and not thy loſſe deplore,
Theſe eyes that ſaw thee kill'd, ſhall ſee no more.

91.

It shall not sure be said that thou didst dye,
And thy *Constantia* live since thou wast slaine:
No, no, deare Soule, I will not stay from thee,
But constant be in act, as well as Name.
Then piercing her sad breast, *I come*, she cryes,
*And Death sin ever clos'd her weeping eyes.*

92.

Her Soule being fled to its eternall rest,
Her Father comes, who seeing this, he falls
To th'earth, with griefe too great to be expreſt:
Whose dolefull words my tyred *Muſe* me calls
T' o'repasse, which I most gladly doe, for feare
That I should toyle too much, the *Readers* eare.

*FINIS.*

# THE TRAGICALL HISTORY OF *PIRAMVS* AND *THISBE*.

*The third Edition.*

Enlarged by the Author.

——*fit ſurculus Arbor.*

LONDON,
Printed by *E. P.* for HENRY SEILE, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop at the ſigne of of the Tygers-head in Fleet-ſtreet between the Bridge and the Conduit.
1637.

# To the Right VVorſhipfull, my very loving Maſter, Maſter *Lambert Osbolſton*, chiefe Schoolmaſter of *Weſtminſter*-Schoole.

SIR,

MY childiſh *Muſe* is in her *Spring*, and yet
Can onely ſhew ſome budding of her Wit.
One frowne upon her Worke (learn'd Sir) from you,
Like ſome unkinder ſtorme ſhot from your brow,
Would turn her Spring to withering Autumn's time,
And make her Bloſſomes periſh, ere their Prime.
But if you ſmile, if in your gracious Eye
Shee an auſpicious Alpha can deſcrie: (flouriſh,
How ſoone will they grow Fruit? How will they
That had ſuch beames their infancie to nouriſh?
Which being ſprung to ripeneſſe, expect then
The beſt, and firſt fruits of her gratefull Pen.

Your moſt dutifull Scholler,

ABRA. COVVLEY.

# THE TRAGICALL HISTORIE OF PYRAMVS *and* THISBE.

1.

WHere *Babylons* high Walls erected were
By mighty *Ninus* wife; two houses joyn'd.
One *Thisbe* liv'd in, *Pyramus* the faire
In th'other: Earth nere boasted such a paire.
The very senceleſſe walls themſelves combin'd,
And grew in one; juſt like their Maſters mind.

2.

*Thisbe* all other women did excell,
The Queene of *Love*, leſſe lovely was than ſhe:
And *Pyramus* more ſweet than tongue can tell,
Nature grew proud in framing them ſo well.
But *Venus* envying they ſo faire ſhould be,
Bids her ſonne CUPID ſhew his cruelty.

The

3.

The all-subduing God his Bow doth bend,
And doth prepare his most remorselesse Dart,
Which he unseene unto their hearts did send,
And so was Love the cause of Beauties end.
But could he see, he had not wrought their smart:
For pittie sure would have o'recome his heart.

4.

Like as a Bird which in a Net is tane,
By struggling more entangles in the girine;
So they who in Loves Labyrinth remaine,
With striving never can a freedome gaine.
The way to enter's broad; but being in,
No art, no labour, can an *exit* win.

5.

These Lovers though their Parents did reprove
Their fires, and watch'd their deeds with jealousie,
Though in these stormes no comfort could remove
The various doubts, and feares that coole hot love:
Though he nor hers, nor she his face could see,
Yet this did not abolish Loves Decree.

6.

For age had crack'd the wall which did them part,
This the unanimate couple soone did spie,
And here their inward sorrowes did impart,
Vnlading the sad burthen of their heart.
Though Love be blinde, this shewes he can descry
A way to lessen his owne misery.

Oft

7.

Oft to the friendly Crannie they resort.
And feede themselves with the celestiall ayre
Of odoriferous breath; no other sport
They could enjoy, yet thinke the time but short:
And wish that it againe renewed were,
To sucke each others breath for ever there.

8.

Sometimes they did exclaime against their fate,
And sometimes they accus'd imperiall *Jove*;
Sometimes repent their flames: but all too late;
The Arrow could not be recall'd: their fate
Ordained was by *Iupiter* above,
And *Cupid* had appointed they should love.

9.

They curst the wall which did their kisses part,
And to the stones their dolorous words they sent,
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
And by their teares could understand their smart:
But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their sighs (alas) would it relent.

10.

This in effect they said; *Curs'd wall, O why*
*Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love*
*Breakes thorow all thy flintie cruelties:*
*For both our soules so closely joyned lye,*
*That nought but angry Death can them remove,*
*And though he part them, yet they'l meet above.*

Abortive

11.

Abortive teares from their faire eyes straight flow'd,
And damm'd the lovely splendour of their sight,
Which seem'd like *Titan*, whilst some watry Cloud
O'respreads his face, and his bright beames doth shrowd,
Till *Vesper* chas'd away the conquered light,
And forceth them (though loth) to bid *Good-night*.

12.

But ere *Aurora*, Vsher to the Day,
Began with welcome lustre to appeare,
The Lovers rise, and at that crannie they
Thus to each other, their thoughts open lay,
With many a Sigh, many a speaking Teare,
Whose griefe the pitying Morning blusht to heare.

13.

*Deare Love* (quoth PYRAMUS) *how long shall wee*
*Like fairest Flowers, not gathered in their prime,*
*Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee,*
*Till wee bewaile (at last our cruelties*
*Vpon our selves, for Beautie though it shine*
*Like day, will quickly finde an Evening time.*

14.

*Therefore* (*sweet* THISBE) *let us meet this night*
*At* Ninus *Tombe, without the Citie wall,*
*Vnder the Mulberry-Tree, with Berries white*
*Abounding, there t'enjoy our wisht delight.*
*For mounting Love stops in his course, doth fall,*
*And long'd for, yet untasted Joy, kills all.*

What

15.

What though our cruell parents angry bee?
What though our friends (alas) are too unkinde?
Time now propitious, may anon deny,
And soone hold backe, fit opportunity.
*Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never finde.*
*Occasion once past'd by, is balde behinde.*

16.

Shee soone agreed to that which hee requir'd,
*For little Wooing needs, where both consent;*
What hee so long had pleaded, shee desir'd:
Which *Venus* seeing, with blinde *Chance* conspir'd,
And many a charming scheme to her sent,
That shee (at last) would frustrate their intent.

17.

Thus *Beautie* is by Beauties meanes undone,
Striving to close these eyes that make her bright;
Iust like the Moone, which seekes t'eclipse the Sun,
Whence all her splendour, all her beames doe come:
So shee, who fetcheth lustre from their sight,
Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

18.

Vnto the *Mulberry-tree*, sweet *Thisbe* came;
Where having rested long, at last shee gan
Against her *Pyramus* for to exclaime,
Whil'st various thoughts turmoile her troubled braine:
And imitating thus the Silver *Swan*,
*A little while before her Death shee sang,*

# The Song.

1.

*COme Love, why ſtayeſt thou? The night*
*Will vaniſh ere wee taſte delight:*
*The Moone obſcures her ſelfe from ſight,*
*Thou abſent, whoſe eyes give her light.*

2.

*Come quickly, Deare, be briefe as Time,*
*Or wee by Morne ſhall be o'retane,*
*Loves ſoy's thine owne as well as mine,*
*Spend not therefore the time in vaine.*

Here

19.

Here doubtfull thoughts broke off her pleasant Song,
Against her love for staying shee gan crie;
Her *Pyramus* shee thought did tarry long,
And that his ablence did her too much wrong.
Then betwixt longing hope, and jealousie,
Shee feares, yet's loth, to tax his loyaltie.

20.

Sometimes shee thinkes, that hee hath her forsaken;
Sometimes, that danger hath befallen to him;
Shee feares that hee another love hath taken:
Which being but imagin'd, soone doth waken
Numberlesse thoughts, which on her heart doe fling
Feares, that her future fate too truely sing.

21.

Whil'st shee thus musing sate, ranne from the Wood
An angry Lyon, to the cristall Springs
Neere to that place; who comming from his food,
His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson bloud:
Swifter then thought, sweet *Thisbe* straight begins
To flye from him, feare gave her Swallowes wings.

22.

As shee avoids the Lion, her desire
Bids her to stay, least *Pyramus* should come,
And be devour'd by the sterne Lions ire,
So shee for ever burne in unquencht fire:
But feare expells all reasons, shee doth runne
Into a darksome Cave, ne'r seene by Sunne.

23.

With haste shee let her loosest Mantle fall:
Which when th' enraged Lion did espie,
With bloudy teeth, he tore't in pieces small,
Whil'st *Thisbe* ran and lookt not backe at all.
For could the senceleſſe beast her face deſcrie,
It had not done her ſuch an injurie.

24.

The night halfe wasted, *Pyramus* did come;
Who seeing printed in the subtill sand
The Lions paw, and by the fountaine some
Of *Thisbes* garment, sorrow strucke him dumbe:
Iust like a Marble Statue did he stand,
Cut by some skilfull Gravers cunning hand.

Recovering breath, 'gainſt Fate he gan t'exclaime,
Washing with teares the torne and bloudy weed:
I may, (said he, my selfe for her death blame;
Therefore my bloud shall wash away that shame:
*Since shee is dead, whose Beautie doth exceed*
*All that fraile men can either heare or reade.*

26.

This speaking, hee his sharpe Sword drew, and said;
*Receive thou my red blood, as a due debt*
*Vnto thy constant Love, to which 'tis paid:*
*I straight will meete thee in the pleasant shade*
*Of coole Elysium; where wee being met,*
*Shall taste the Ioyes, that here wee could not yet.*

Then

27.

Then thorow his breſt thruſting his Sword, Life hies
From him, and hee makes haſte to ſeeke his faire.
And as upon the crimſond ground hee lies,
His bloud ſpirt'd up upon the Mulberries:
With which th'unſpotted berries ſtained were,
*And ever ſince with Red they coloured are.*

28.

At laſt, came *Thisbe* from the Den, for feare
Of diſappointing *Pyramus*, being ſhee
Was bound by promiſe, for to meete him there:
But when ſhee ſaw the Berries changed were
From white to blacke, ſhee knew not certainely
It was the place where they agreed to be.

29.

With what delight from the darke Cave ſhee came,
Thinking to tell how ſhee eſcap'd the Beaſt;
But when ſhee ſaw her *Pyramus* lie ſlaine,
In what perplexitie ſhee did remaine!
Shee teares her Golden haire, and beates her breſt,
All ſignes of raging ſorrow ſhee expreſt.

30.

Shee cries 'gainſt mighty *Iove*, and then doth take
His bleeding body from the moiſtned ground.
Shee kiſſes his pale face, till ſhee doth make
It red with kiſſing, and then ſeekes to wake
His parting ſoule with mournfull words, and 's wound
Waſheth with teares, which her ſweet ſpeech confound.

31.

But afterwards recovering breath, quoth shee,
*(Alas) what chance hath parted thee and I?*
*O tell what evill hath befallen to thee,*
*That of thy Death I may a Partner bee:*
Tell *Thisbe*, what hath caus'd this Tragedie,
He hearing *Thisbe's* name, lift up his eye,

32.

And on his Love he rais'd his dying head:
Where striving long for breath, at last, said hee;
O Thisbe, *I am hasting to the dead,*
*And cannot heale that wound my feare hath bred:*
*Farewell, sweet* Thisbe, *wee must parted bee,*
*For angry Death will force me goe from* Thee.

33.

Life did from him, hee from his Mistris part,
Leaving his *Love* to languish here in woe.
What shall shee doe? How shall shee ease her heart?
Or with what language speake her inward smart?
Vsurping passion reason doth o'reflow,
Shee sweares that with her *Pyramus* shee'l goe.

34.

Then takes the Sword wherewith her Love was slaine,
With *Pyramus* his crimson blood warme still;
And said, *Oh stay (blest Soule) that so wee twaine*
*May goe together, where wee shall remaine*
*In endlesse loyes, and never feare the ill*
*Of grudging Friends:* Then she her selfe did kill.

To

35.

To tell what griefe their Parents did sustaine,
Were more than my rude Quill can overcome.
Many a teare they spent, but all in vaine,
*For weeping calls not backe the Dead againe.*
They both were layed in one Grave, life done,
And these few words were writ upon the Tombe.

# Epitaph.

1.

*VNderneath this Marble Stone,*
*Lye two Beauties joyn'd in one.*

2.

*Two whose loves Death could not sever,*
*For both liv'd, both dy'd together.*

3.

*Two whose Soules, being too divine*
*For earth, in their owne Sphears now shine.*

4.

*Who have left their Loves to Fame,*
*And their earth to earth againe.*

*FINIS.*

# An Elegie on the Death of the Right Honourable, *Dudley* Lord *Carleton*, Viſcount *Dorcheſter*, late Principall Secretary of State.

*THe infernall Siſters, did a Counſell call*
*Of all the fiends, to the black* Stygian *Hall*;
*The dire* Tartarean *Monſters, hating light,*
*Begot by diſmall* Erebus, *and Night.*
*Whereſoe're diſpers'd abroad, bearing the Fame*
*Of their accurſed meeting, thither came*
Revenge, *whoſe greedy mind no Blood can fill,*
*And* Envie, *never ſatisfied with ill.*
*Thither blind* Boldneſſe, *and impatient* Rage,
*Reſorted, with 'Death's neighbour envious* Age,
*And Meſſengers diſeaſes, whereſoe're*
*Then wandring, at the Senate preſent were:*
*Whom to oppreſſe the Earth, the Furies ſent*
*To ſpare the Guilty, vex the innocent.*

*The*

*The Counsell thus dissolv'd, an angry fever,*
*Whose quenchlesse thirst, by blood was sated never:*
*Envying the Riches, Honour, Greatnesse, Love,*
*And Vertue (Loadstone, which all these did move)*
*Of Noble* CARLETON, *him she tooke away,*
*And like a greedy Vulture seiz'd her prey:*
*Weep with me each who either reades or heares,*
*And know his losse, deserves his Countries teares:*
*The* Muses *lost a Patron by his Fate,*
Vertue *a Husband, and a Prop the* State,
Sol's *Chorus weepes, and to adorne his Herse*
Calliope *would sing a Tragicke Verse.*
*And had there been before no Spring of theirs,*
*They would have made a* Helicon *with teares.*

ABRA. COVVLEY.

An

# An *Elegie* on the death of my loving Friend and Couſen, Maſter *Richard Clerke*, late of *Lincolns Inne*, Gent.

*IT was decreed by ſtedfaſt Deſtinie,*
*(The world from* Chaos *turn'd) that all ſhould die.*
*Hee who durſt feareleſſe paſſe blacke* Acheron
*And dangers of the infernall Region,*
*Leading Hells triple Porter captivate,*
*Was overcome himſelfe, by conquering Fate,*
*The Roman* Tullie's *pleaſing Eloquence,*
*Which in the Eares did locke up every Sence*
*Of the rapt hearer, his melliſluous breath*
*Could not at all charme unremorſeleſſe* Death,
*Nor* Solon *ſo by* Greece *admir'd, could ſave*
*Himſelfe with all his Wiſdome, from the Grave.*
*Sterne Fate brought* Maro *to his Funerall flame,*
*And would have ended in that fire his Fame;*
*Burning thoſe lofty Lines, which now ſhall be*
*Times conjurers, and out-laſt Eternity.*

*Even*

*Even so lov'd* Clerk *from death no scape could find,*
*Though arm'd with great* Alcides *valiant mind.*
*He was adorn'd in yeeres though farre more young,*
*With learned* Cicero's, *or a sweeter Tongue.*
*And could dead* Virgil *heare his lofty straine,*
*He would condemne his owne to fire againe.*
*His youth a* Solons *wisdome did presage,*
*Had envious* Time *but given him* Solons *age.*
*Who would not therefore now, if Learnings friend,*
*Bewaile his fatall and untimely end:*
*Who hath such hard, such unrelenting Eyes,*
*As would not weep when so much Vertue dyes?*
*The God of* Poets *doth in darknesse shrowd*
*His glorious face, and weepes behind a Cloud.*
*The dolefull* Muses *thinking now to write*
*Sad* Elegies, *their teares confound their sight:*
*But him to* Elysiums *lasting ioyes they bring,*
*Where winged Angels his sad* Requiems *sing.*

A. C.

A

# A DREAME OF ELYSIVM.

*Phœbus* expuls'd by the approaching Night
Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashfull light;
Whilst I with leaden *Morpheus* overcome,
The *Muse*, whom I adore, enterd the roome.
Her hayre with looser curiositie,
Did on her comely backe dishevel'd lye.
Her Eyes with such attractive beauty shone,
As might have wak'd sleeping *Endymion*.
She bid me rise, and promis'd I should see
Those Fields, those Mansions of Felicity,
Wee mortalls so admire at: Speaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd *Pegasus*.
On whom I rid: knowing where ever she
Did goe, that place must needs a *Tempe* be.
No sooner was my flying Courser come
To the blest dwellings of *Elysium*:
When straight a thousand unknowne joyes resort,
And hemm'd me round: Chast loves innocuous sport.

A thou-

A thousand sweets, bought with no following Gall,
Joyes, not like ours, short, but perpetuall.
How many objects charme my wandring eye,
And bid my soule gaze there eternally?
Here in full streames, *Bacchus* thy liquor flowes,
Nor knowes to ebbe: here *Joves* broad Tree bestowes
Distilling hony, heere doth *Nectar* passe
With copious current through the verdant Grasse.
Here *Hyacinth*, his fate writ in his lookes,
And thou *Narcissus* loving still the Brookes,
Once lovely boyes; and *Acis* now a Flower,
Are nourisht, with that rarer herbe, whose power
Created thee, Warres potent God, here growes
The spotlesse Lillie, and the blushing Rose.
And all those divers ornaments abound,
That variously may paint the gawdy ground.
No Willow, sorrowes Garland, there hath roome,
Nor Cypresse, sad attendant of a Tombe.
None but *Apollo's* Tree, and th'Ivie Twine
Imbracing the stout Oake, the fruitfull Vine,
And Trees with golden Apples loaded downe,
On whose faire toppes sweet *Philomel* alone,
Vnmindfull of her former miserie,
Tunes with her voyce a ravishing Harmonie.
Whilst all the murmuring Brookes that glide along,
Make up a burthen to her pleasing Song.
No *Scritchowle*, sad companion of the Night,
Or hideous Raven with prodigious flight
Presaging future ill. Nor, *Progne*, thee
Yet spotted with young *Itis* Tragedie,
Those Sacred Bowers receive. There's nothing there,
That is not pure, immaculate, and rare.

Turning

Turning my greedy sight another way,
Vnder a row of storme-contemning Bay,
I saw the *Thracian* Singer with his lyre
Teach the deafe stones to heare him, and admire.
Him the whole Poets *Chorus* compass'd round,
All whom the Oake, all whom the Lawrell crown'd.
There banish'd *Ovid* had a lasting home,
Better than thou couldst give ingratefull *Rome*;
And *Lucan* (spight of *Nero*) in each veine
Had every drop of his spilt bloud againe:
*Homer*, *Sol*'s first borne, was not poore or blinde,
But saw as well in body as in minde.
*Tullie*, grave *Cato*, *Solon*, and the rest
Of *Greece*'s admir'd Wisemen, here possest
A large reward for their past deeds, and gaine
A life, as everlasting as their Fame.
By these, the valiant *Heroes* take their place,
All who sterne Death and perils did imbrace
For *Vertues* cause. Great *Alexander* there
Laughing at the Earth's small Empire, did weare
A Nobler Crowne, than the whole world could give.
There did *Horatius Cocles*, *Scæva*, live,
And valiant *Decius*, who now freely cease
From Warre, and purchase an eternall peace.
Next them, beneath a Mirtle Bowre, where Doves,
And gall-lesse Pidgeons build their nests, all Loves
Faithfull perseverers, with amorous kisses,
And soft imbraces, taste their greediest wishes.
*Leander* with his beauteous *Hero* playes,
Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.
*Porcia* injoyes her *Brutus*, Death no more
Can now divorce their Wedding, as before.

Thirdly

*Thisbe* her *Pyramus* kiss'd, his *Thisbe* hee
Embrac'd, each blest with th'others company.
And every couple alwayes dancing, sing
Eternall Ditties to *Elysium* King.
But see how soone these pleasures fade away,
How neere to Evening is delights short Day?
For th'watching Bird, true *Nuncius* of the Light
Straight crowd: and all these vanisht from my sight.
My very *Muse* her selfe forsooke mee too.
Me griefe and wonder wak'd: What should I doe?
Oh! let me follow thee (said I) and goe
From life, that I may Dreame for ever so.
With that my flying *Muse* I thought to claspe
Within my armes, but did a shadow graspe.

*Thus chiefest loyes glide with the swiftest streame,*
*And all our greatest pleasure's but a Dreame.*

*A. C.*

*FINIS.*

# SYLVA,

## OR,

## DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES,

Made upon ſundry occaſions

by *A. C.*

LONDON.

Printed by *E. P.* for HENRY SEILE and are to bee ſold at his ſhop at the ſigne of the Tygers-head in Fleet-ſtreet betweene the Bridge and the Conduit.

1637.

# *On his Majesties returne out of* SCOTLAND.

*Great Charles*: there stop you Trumpeters of Fame,
(For he who speakes his Titles, his great Name
Must have a breathing time,) *Our King*: stay there.
Tel't by degrees, let the inquisitive eare
Be held in doubt, and ere you say, *It came*,
Let every heart prepare a spatious roome
For ample joyes: then *It* sing as loud
As thunder shot from the divided cloud.
Let *Cygnus* plucke from the *Arabian* waves
The ruby of the rocke, the pearle that payes
Great *Neptunes* Court, let every sparrow beare
From the three Sisters weeping barke a teare.
Let spotted Lynces their sharpe tallons fill
With chrystall fetch'd from the *Promethean* hill.
Let *Cytherea's* birds fresh wreathes compose,
Knitting the pale fac't Lillie with the Rose.
Let the selfe-gotten Phœnix rob his nest,
Spoile his owne funerall pile, and all his best
Of Myrrhe, of Frankincense, of *Cassia* bring,
To strew the way for our returned King.
Let every post a *Panegyricke* weare,
Each wall, each pillar gratulations beare:
And yet let no man invocate a Muse;
The very matter will it selfe infuse

A sacred fury. Let the merry Bells
(For unknowne joyes worke unknowne miracles)
Ring without helpe of *Sexton*, and presage
A new-made holy-day for future age.
And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate
A golden Temple to propitious fate,
At the returne of any Noble men,
Of Heroes, or of Emperours, wee must then
Raise up a double *Trophée*, for their fame
Was but the shadow of our CHARLES his name.
Who is there where all vertues mingled flow?
Where no defects, no imperfections grow?
Whose head is alwayes crown'd with victory,
Snatch'd from *Bellona's* hand, him luxury
In peace debilitates, whose tongue can win,
*Tullies* owne Garland, to him pride creeps in.
On whom (like *Atlas* shoulders the propt state
(As he were *Primum Mobile* of fate)
Solely, relies, him blind ambition moves,
His tyranny the bridled subject proves.
But all those vertues which they all posse'st
Divided, are collected in thy brest,
Great *Charles*; Let *Cæsar* boast *Parthian* flight,
*Honorius* praise the *Parthians* unfeyn'd flight.
Let *Alexander* call himself *Joves* peere,
And place his Image next the Thunderer,
Yet whilst our *Charles* with equall ballance reignes
'Twixt Mercy and *Astrea*; and maintaines
A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis onely he
Who is most neere, most like the Deitie.

A Song

# A Song on the ſame.

*HEnce clouded lookes, hence briny teares*
*Hence eye, that ſorrows livery weares.*
*What though a while* Apollo *pleaſe*
*To viſit the* Antipodes?
*Yet he returnes, and with his light*
*Expels, what he hath caus'd, the night.*
*What though the ſpring vaniſh away,*
*And with it the earths forme decay?*
*Yet at's new birth it will reſtore*
*What it's departure tooke before.*
*What though we miſt our abſent King*
*Erewhile?* Great Charles *is come again,*
*And, with his preſence makes us know,*
*The gratitude to Heaven wee owe.*
*So doth a cruell ſtorme impart*
*And teach us* Palinurus *art.*
*So from ſalt flouds, wept by our eyes,*
*A joyfull* Venus *doth ariſe.*

## A Vow.

1.

LEst the misconstring world should chance to say,
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,
To whisper in *Joves* eare,
How much I wish that funerall,
Or gape at such a great ones fall,
This let all ages heare,
And future times in my soules picture see
What I abhorre, what I desire to bee.

2.

I would not be a Puritan, though he
Can preach two houres, and yet his Sermon be
But halfe a quarter long,
Though from his old mechanicke trade
By vision hee's a Pastor made,
His faith was growne so strong.
Nay though he thinke to gaine salvation,
By calling th'Pope the Whore of Babylon.

3.

I would not be a School-master, though he
His Rods no lesse than *Fasces* deemes to be,
Though he in many a place,
Turnes *Lilly* oftner than his gownes,
Till at the last hee make the Nownes,
Fight with the Verbes apace:
Nay though he can in a Poeticke heat,
Figures, borne since, out of poore *Virgill* beat.

I would

4.

I would not be Iuſtice of Peace, though he
Can with equality divide the Fee,
And ſtakes with his Clarke draw:
Nay though he ſit upon the place
Of Iudgement with a learned face
Intricate as the Law.
And whilſt he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks *Priſcian* head with ſentences ſecurely.

5.

I would not be a Courtier, though he
Makes his whole life the trueſt Comedy:
Although he be a man
In whom the Taylors forming Art,
And nimble Barber claime more part
Than Nature her ſelfe can.
Though, as he uſes men, 'tis his intent
To put off death too, with a Complement.

6.

From Lawyers tongues, though they can ſpin with eaſe
The ſhorteſt cauſe into a Paraphraſe,
From Vſurers conſcience
(For ſwallowing up young Heyres ſo faſt
Without all doubt, they'l choake at laſt)
Make me all innocence
Good Heaven; and from thy eyes, ô Iuſtice keepe,
For though they be not blind, they're oft aſleepe.

7.

From Singing-mens Religion; who are
Alwayes at Church just like the Crowes, 'cause there
They build themselves a nest.
From too much Poetry, which shines
With gold in nothing but its lines,
Free, ô you powers, my breſt.
And from Aſtronomy within the skies
Finds fish, and bulls, yet doth but Tantalize.

8.

From your Court-Madams beauty, which doth carry
At morning May, at night a January.
From the grave City brow
(For though it want an R, it has
The letter of *Pythagoras*)
Keepe me ô Fortune now,
And chines of beefe innumerable send me,
Or from the ſtomacke of the Guard defend me.

9.

This onely grant me: that my meanes may lye
Too low for envie, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone,
Th'ignote are better than ill knowne
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would hug, but when't depends
Not from the number, but the choyſe of friends.

Bookes

10.

Bookes ſhould, not buſineſſe, entertaine the light,
And ſleepe, as undiſturb'd as death the night.
My houſe a cottage more
Then palace, and ſhould fitting be
For all my uſe, no luxurie.
My garden painted ore
With nature's hand, not arts and pleaſures yield,
*Horace* might envie in his *Sabine* field.

11.

Thus would I double my life's fading ſpace,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
Theſe unbought ſports, and happy ſtate,
I would not feare, nor wiſh my fate,
But boldly ſay each night,
To morrow let my Sunne his beames diſplay,
Or in clouds hide them; *I have liv'd to day.*

# A Poeticall Revenge.

WEſtminſter-Hall a friend and I agreed
To meet in; hee (ſome buſines 'twas did breed
His abſence) came not there; I up did goe,
To the next Court for though I could not know
Much what they meant, yet I might ſee and heare
(As moſt ſpectators doe at Theater)
Things very ſtrange; Fortune did ſeeme to grace
My comming there, and helpt me to a place.
But being newly ſetled at the ſport,
A ſemi-gentleman of th'Innes of Court,
In a Sattin ſuite, redeem'd but yeſterday;
One who is raviſht with a Cock-pit Play,
Who prayes God to deliver him from no evill
Beſides a Taylors bill, and feares no Devill
Beſides a Serjeant, thruſt me from my ſeat:
At which I gan to quarrell, till a neat
Man in a ruffe (whom therefore I did take
For Barriſter) open'd his mouth and ſpake;
Boy, get you gone, this is no Schoole: Oh no;
For if it were, all you gown'd-men would goe
Vp for falſe Latin: they grew ſtraight to be
Incenſt, I fear'd they would have brought on me
An Action of Treſpas, till th'young man
Aforeſaid, in the Sattin ſuit, began
To ſtrike me: doubtleſſe there had beene a fray,
Had not I providently skipp'd away,
Without replying; for to ſcould is ill,

Where

Where every tongue's the clapper of a Mill,
And can out-ſound *Homers Gradivus*; ſo
Away got I: but ere I farre did goe,
I flung (the Darts of wounding *Poeſie*)
Theſe two or three ſharpe curſes backe: May hee
Be by his Father in his Study tooke
At *Shakſpeares* Playes, in ſtead of my L. *Cooke*.
May hee (though all his Writings grow as ſoone
As *Butters* out of eſtimation)
Get him a Poots name, and ſo ne'r come
Into a Sergeants, or dead Iudges roome.
May hee (for 'tis ſinne in a Lawyer)
True Latin uſe to ſpeake, even at the Barre.
May hee become ſome poore Phyſicians prey,
Who keepes men with that conſcience in delay
As he his Clyents doth, till his health bee
As farre fetch'd as a Greeke Nownes pedigree.
Nay, for all that, may the diſeaſe be gone
Never but in the long Vacation.
May Neighbours uſe all Quarrels to decide;
But if for Law any to *London* ride,
Of all thoſe Clyents may no one be his,
Vnleſſe he come in *Forma Pauperis*.
Grant this you Gods, that favour *Poetry*,
That ſo at laſt theſe ceaſeleſſe tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrell with a thredbare Black; but ſpare
Them who beare Scholars names, leſt ſome one take
Spleene, and another *Ignoramus* make.

## *To the Ducheſſe of Buckingham.*

IF I ſhould ſay, that in your face were ſeene
Natures beſt Picture of the *Cyprian* Queene;
If I ſhould ſweare under *Minerva's* Name,
*Poets* (who Prophets are) fore-told your fame,
The future age would thinke it flatterie,
But to the preſent which can witneſſe be,
'Twould ſeeme beneath your high deſerts, as farre,
As you above the reſt of Women are.
When *Maxwell* name with *Villiers* joyn'd I ſee,
How doe I reverence your Nobilitie!
But when the vertues of your Stock I view,
(Envi'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)
I halfe adore them: for what woman can
Beſides your ſelfe (nay I might ſay what man)
Both Sexe, and Birth, and Fate, and yeeres excell
In minde, in fame, in worth, in living well?
Oh, how had this begot Idolatrie,
If you had liv'd in the Worlds infancie,
When mans too much Religion, made the beſt
Or Deities, or Semi-gods at leaſt?
But wee, forbidden this by pietie,
Or, if wee were not, by your modeſtie,
Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray
Not to, but for you, nor that *England* may
Enjoy your equall, when you once are gone,
But what's more poſſible, t'enjoy you long.

To

## *To his very much honoured Godfather, Maſter* A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of Fame
Shall perhaps mock Death or times Darts) my *Name.*
I love it more, becauſe 'twas given by you;
I love it moſt, becauſe 'twas your name too.
For if I chance to ſlip, a conſcious ſhame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm glad that Citie t'whom I ow'd before,
(But ah me! Fate hath croſt that willing Score)
A Father, gave me a Godfather too,
And I'm more glad, becauſe it gave me you;
Whom I may rightly thinke, and terme to be
Of the whole Citie an Epitomie.

I thanke my careſull Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licenced my tongue
Farther then cryes) who ſhould my office doe;
I thanke her more, becauſe ſhee found out you:
In whoſe each looke, I may a ſentence ſee;
In whoſe each deed, a teaching Homily.

How

How shall I pay this debt to you? My Fate
Denyes me *Indian* Pearle or *Persian* Plate.
Which though it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to send Apples to *Alcinous*,
And sell the cunning'st way: No, when I can
In every Leafe, in every Verse write Man,
When my Quill relisheth a Schoole no more,
When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soare,
And gotten wings as well as feet; looke then
For equall thankes from my unwearied Pen:
Till future ages say; 'twas you did give
A name to me, and I made yours to live.

An

# An Elegie on the Death of Mris Anne Whitfield.

SHee's dead, and like the houre that ſtole her hence,
With as much quietneſſe and innocence.
And 'tis as difficult a taske to winne
Her travelling ſoule backe to its former Inne,
As force that houre, fled without traict away,
To turne, and ſtop the current of the day.
What, ſhall we weepe for this? and cloath our eye
With ſorrow, the Graves mourning Livorie?
Or ſhall we ſigh? and with that pious winde
Drive faſter on what we alreadie finde
Too ſwift for us, her ſoule? No; ſhee who dy'de
Like the ſicke Sunne, when Night entombes his pride;
Or Trees in Autumne, when unſeene decay
And ſlow conſumption ſteales the leaves away,
Without one murmur, ſhewes that ſhe did ſee
Death as a good, not as a miſerie.
And ſo ſhe went to undiſcovered Fields,
From whence no path hope of returning yeelds
To any Traveller, and it muſt be
Our ſolace now to court her memorie.

Wee'l

*Wee'l tell how love was dandled in her eye,*
*Yet curb'd with a beseeming gravitie.*
*And how (beleeve it you that heare or reade)*
*Beautie and Chastitie met and agreed*
*In her, although a Courtier: Wee will tell*
*How farre her noble spirit did excell*
*Hers, nay our Sexe: wee will repeat her Name,*
*And force the Letters to an Anagram.*
Whitfield *wee'l cry, and amorous windes shall be*
*Ready to snatch that words sweet harmonie*
*Ere 'tis spoke out: Thus wee must dull griefes sting,*
*And cheat the sorrow that her losse would bring:*
*Thus in our hearts wee'l bury her, and there*
*Wee'l write,* Here lyes *Whitfield* the chast, and faire.
*Art may no doubt a statelier Tombe invent,*
*But not like this, a living Monument.*

An

# An Elegie on the Death of *John Littleton* Esquire, Sonne and Heire to Sir *Thomas Littleton*, who was drowned leaping into the water to save his younger Brother.

*AND must these waters smile againe? and play*
*About the shore, as they did yesterday?*
*Will the Sun court them still? and shall they show*
*No conscious wrinckle furrowed on their brow,*
*That to the thirsty Traveller may say,*
*I am accurst, goe turne some other way?*
*It is unjust; black floods, thy guilt is more;*
*Sprung from his losse, then all thy watry store*
*Can give thee teares to mourne for. Birds shall bee*
*And Beasts henceforth afraid to drinke of thee.*
*What have I said? my pious rage hath beene*
*Too hot, and ills whilst it accuseth sinne.*
*Thou'rt innocent I know, still cleare, and bright;*
*Fit whence so pure a soule should take it's flight.*
*How if my angry zeale confin'd? for he*
*Must quarrell with his love and pitie;*

That would revenge his death. Oh? shall sinne,
And wish anon he had lesse vertuous beene.
For when his Brother (teares for him? 'de spill,
But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
Strugled for life with the rude waves, he too
Leapt in, and when hope no faint beame could show,
His charitie shone most; thou shalt, said hee,
Live with me, Brother, or Ile dye with thee;
And so he did: Had he beene thine, ô Rome,
Thou wouldst have cal'd this death a Martyrdome,
And Saynted him; my conscience give me leave,
Ile doe so too: if fate will us bereave
Of him we honour'd living, there must be
A kinde of reverence to his memorie,
After his death: and where more just then here,
Where life and end were both so singuler?
Of which th'one griefe, the other imitation
Of all men vindicates, both admiration.
He that had onely talkt with him, might finde
A little Academie in his minde;
Where Wisedome, Master was, and Fellowes all
Which we can good, which we can vertuous call.
Reason and Holy Feare the Proctors were,
To apprehend those words, those thoughts that erre.
His learning had out-run the rest of heyres,
Stolne Beard from time, and leapt to twentie yeares.
And as the Sunne, thou'gh in full glorie bright,

Shines

*Shines upon all men with impartiall light,*
*And a good morrow to the* begger *brings*
*With as full rayes as to the mightiest* Kings:
*So he, although his worth just state might claime,*
*And give to pride an honourable name,*
*With curtesie to all, cloath'd vertue so,*
*That 'twas not higher then his thoughts were low.*
*In's body too, no* Critique *eye could finde*
*The smallest blemish, to belye his minde;*
*He was all pureneſſe, and his outward part*
*The looking-glaſſe and pillure of his heart.*
*When waters ſwallow'd mankinde, and did cheat*
*The hungry Worme of its expected meat;*
*When gemmes, pluckt from the ſhore by vnder hands,*
*Return'd againe vnto their native ſands;*
*'Mongſt all thoſe ſpoyles, there was not any prey*
*Could equall what this Brooke hath ſtolne away.*
*Weepe then, ſad Floud, and though thou'rt innocent,*
*Weepe becauſe fate made thee her inſtrument:*
*And when long griefe hath drunke up all thy ſtore,*
*Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.*

## *A translation of Verses upon the B. Virgin, written in Latine by the right Worshipfull Dr. A.*

*Ave Maria.*

ONce thou rejoycedst, and rejoyce for ever,
Whose time of joy shall be expired never:
Who in her wombe the *Hive of Comforts* beares,
Let her drinke *Comforts Honey* with her eares.
You brought the word of joy, which did impart
*An Haile* to all, let us *An Haile* redare.
From you *God save* into the World there came;
Our *Eccho Haile* is but an empty name.

*Gratia Plena.*

How loaded Hives are with their Honie fill'd,
From diverse Flowres by *Chimicke* Bees distill'd:
How full the *Collet* with his Jewell is,
Which, that is cannot take, by love doth kisse:
How full the *Moone* is with her Brothers ray,
When shee drinks up with thirsty orbe the day,
How full of *Grace* the *Graces* dances dre,
So full doth *Mary* of *Gods* light appeare.
It is no wonder if with *Graces* she
Be full, who was full with the *Deitie*.

*Dominus tecum.*

The fall of mankind under deaths extent
The quire of blessed *Angels* did lament,
And wisht a reparation to see
By him, who manhood joyn'd with *Deitie*.

How

How gratefull ſhould Mans ſafety then appeare
T'himſelfe, whoſe ſafety can the *Angels* cheare?

*Benedicta tu in mulieribus.*

*Death* came, and troopes of ſad *diſtreſſes* led
To th'earth, by womans hand ſolicited:
*Life* came ſo too, and troopes of *Graces* led
To th'earth, by womans *faith* ſolicited.
As our lifes ſpring came from thy bleſſed wombe,
So from our mouthes ſprings of thy praiſe ſhall come.
Who did lifes bleſſing give, 'tis fit that ſhe
Above all women ſhould thrice bleſſed be.

*Et benedictus fructus ventris tui.*

With mouth divine the Father doth proteſt,
Hee a good word ſent from his ſtored breſt,
'Twas *Chriſt*: which *Mary* without carnall thought,
From the unfathom'd depth of goodneſſe brought,
The word of bleſſing a juſt cauſe affoords,
To be oft bleſſed with redoubled words.

*Spiritus Sanctus ſupervenit in te.*

As when ſoft Weſt winds ſtrooke the Garden Roſe,
A ſhowre of ſweeter ayre ſalutes the Noſe.
The breath gives ſparing kiſſes, nor with powre
Vnlocks the Virgin boſome of the Flowre.
So th'*Holy Spirit* upon *Mary* blow'd,
And from her ſacred Box whole rivers flow'd.
Yet loos'd not thine eternall chaſtity,
Thy Roſes folds doe ſtill entangled lye.
Beleeve *Chriſt* borne from an unbruiſed wombe,
So from unbruiſed Barke the Odors come.

*Et virtus altissimi obumbrabit tibi.*

God his great Sonne begot ere time beguane,
*Mary* in time brought forth her little Sonne.
Of double substance, one, life hee began,
*God* without *Mother*, without *Father Man*.
Great is this birth, and 'tis a stranger deed,
That *shee* no *man*, then *God* no wife should need.
A shade delighted the Child-bearing Maid,
And *God* himselfe became to her a shade.
O strange descent! who is lights Author, hee
Will to his creature thus a shadow bee.
As unseene light did from the Father flow,
So did seene light from *Virgin Marie* grow.
When *Moses* sought *God* in a shade to see,
The Fathers shade was, *Christ* the *Deitie*.
Let's seeke for day we darknesse, whil'st our sight
In light findes darknesse, and in darknesse light.

ODE

# ODE I.

## *On the praise of Poetry.*

'Tis not a *Pyramide* of Marble stone,
Though high as our ambition,
'Tis not a Tombe cut out in Brasse, which can
Give life to th'ashes of a man,
But Verses onely; they shall fresh appeare,
Whil'st there are men to reade, or heare.
When Time shall make the lasting Brasse decay,
And eate the *Pyramide* away,
Turning that Monument wherein men trust
Their names, to what it keepes, poore dust:
Then shall the *Epitaph* remaine, and be
New graven in Eternitie.
*Poets* by death are conquered, but the *wit*
Of *Poets* triumph over it.
What cannot Verse? When *Thracian Orpheus* tooke
His Lyre, and gently on it strooke,
The learned stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming song.
With artificiall pace the Warlike *Pine*,
Th'*Elme*, and his Wife the *Ivy twine*,
With all the better trees, which erst had stood
Vnmov'd, forsooke their native Wood.
The *Lawrell* to the *Poets* hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his brow:
And every loving arme embrac'd, and made
With their officious leaves a shade.
The beasts too strove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old Tyrannie.
The fearefull *Hart* next to the *Lion* came,
And *Wolfe* was *Shepheard* to the *Lambs*.

*Nightingales*, harmeleſſe *Syrens* of the ayre,
And *Muſes* of the place, were there.
Who when their little windpipes they had found
Vnequall to ſo ſtrange a ſound,
O'recome by art and griefe they did expire,
And fell upon the conquering Lyre.
Happy, ô happy they, whoſe Tombe might be,
*Mauſolus*, envied by thee!

## ODE II.

### *That a pleaſant Poverty is to be preferred before diſcontented Riches.*

1.

WHy ô doth gaudy *Tagus* raviſh thee,
Though *Neptunes* Treaſure-houſe it be?
Why doth *Pactolus* thee bewitch,
Infected yet with *Midas* glorious Itch?

2.

Their dull and ſleepie ſtreames are not at all
Like other Flouds, *Poeticall*,
They have no dance, no wanton ſport,
No gentle murmur, the lov'd ſhore to court.

3.

No Fiſh inhabite the adulterate Floud,
Nor can it feed the neighbouring Wood,
No Flower or Herbe is neere it found,
But a perpetuall Winter ſtarves the ground.

4.

Give me a River which doth ſcorne to ſhew
An added beauty, whoſe cleere brow
May be my looking-glaſſe, to ſee
What my face is, and what my mind ſhould be.

Here

5.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in ranke,
And prattle to the smiling banke.
Here sad *King fishers* tell their tales,
And fish enrich the Brooke with silver scales.

6.

*Daffies* the first borne of the teeming Spring,
On each side their embroidery bring,
Here *Lillies* wash, and grow more white,
And *Daffadills* to see themselves delight.

7.

Here a fresh Arbor gives her amorous shade,
Which *Nature*, the best *Gard'ner* made.
Here I would set, and sing unde layes,
Such as the *Nimphs* and *me my selfe* should please.

8.

Thus I would waste, thus end my careleſſe dayes,
And *Robin-red-breſts* whom men praise
For pious birds, should when I dye,
Make both my *Monument* and *Elegie*.

## ODE. III.

### *To his Miſtris.*

TYrian dye why doe you weare
You, whose cheekes best scarlet are?
Why doe you fondly pin
Pure linnens ore your skin,
Your skin that's whiter farre,
Casting a duskie cloud before a Starre?

Why

2.

Why bearest your necke a golden chayne?
Did Nature make your haire in vaine,
Of Gold most pure and fine?
With gemmes why doe you shine?
They, neighbours to your eyes,
Shew but like *Phosphor*, when the *Sunne* doth rise.

3.

I would have all my *Mistris* parts,
Owe more to *Nature* then to *Arts*;
I would not woe the dresse,
Or one whose nights give lesse
Contentment, then the day.
Shee's faire, whose beauty onely makes her gay.

4.

For 'tis not buildings make a Court
Or pompe, but 'tis the Kings resort:
If *Jupiter* downe powre
Himselfe, and in a showre
Hide such bright *Maiestie*
Lesse then a *golden one* it cannot be.

## ODE IV.

### *On the uncertainty of Fortune. A Translation.*

1.

LEave off unfit complaints, and cleere
From sighs your brest, and from black clouds your brow,
When the Sunne shines not with his wonted cheere,
And Fortune throwes an adverse cast for you.
That Sea which vext with *Notus* is,
The merry *Eastwinds* will to morrow kisse.

The

2.

The Sunne to day rides drousily,
morrow 'twill put on a looke more faire,
ughter and groaning doe alternately
turne, and teares sports neereſt neighbours are.
'Tis by the *Gods* appointed ſo
at good fate ſhould with mingled dangers flow.

3.

Who drave his Oxen yeſterday,
oth now over the Nobleſt *Rommes* reigne.
nd on the *Gabii*, and the *Cures* lay
he yoake which from his *Oxen* he had tane.
Whom *Heſperus* ſaw poore and low,
he mornings eye beholds him greateſt now.

4.

If Fortune knit amongſt her play
at ſeriouſneſſe; he ſhall againe goe home
o his old Country Farme of yeſterday,
o ſcoffing people no meane jeſt become.
And with the *crowned Axe*, which he
had rul'd the World, goe backe and prune ſome Tree.
Nay if he want the fuell cold requites,
With his owne *Faſces* he ſhall make him *fires*.

## ODE V.

*commendation of the time we live under the Reign of our gracious K.* Charles.

CVrſt be that wretch (Deaths Factor ſure) who brought
Dire Swords into the peaceſull world, and taught
Smiths,

Smiths, who before could onely make
The Spade, the Plowshare, and the Rake;
Arts, in most cruell wise
Mans life t'epitomize.

2.

Then men (fond men alas) rid post to th'grave,
And cut those threads, which yet the *Fates* would save.
Then *Charon* sweated at his trade,
And had a bigger *Ferry* made,
Then, then the silver hayre,
Frequent before, grew rare.

3.

Then *Revenge* married to *Ambition*,
Begat blacke *Warre*, then *Avarice* crept on.
Then limits to each field were strain'd,
And *Terminus* a *Godhead* gain'd.
To men before was found,
Besides the Sea, no bound.

4.

In what Playne or what River hath not beene
Warres story, writ in blood (sad story) seene?
This truth too well our *England* knowes,
'Twas civill slaughter dy'd her *Rose*:
Nay then her *Lillie* too,
With bloods losse paler grew.

5.

Such griefes, nay worse than these, we now should feele,
Did not just *Charles* silence the rage of steele;
He to our Land blest peace doth bring,
Ah Neighbour Countries envying,
Happy who did remaine
Vnborne till *Charles* his reigne!

Where

6.

Where dreaming *Chimicks* is you paine and coſt?
How is your oyle, how is your labour loſt?
Our *Charles*, bleſt *alchymiſt* (though ſtrange,
Beleeve it future times) did change
The *Iron* age of old,
Into an age of *Gold*.

## ODE. VI.

### *Vpon the ſhortneſſe of Mans life.*

MArke that ſwift Arrow how it cuts the ayre,
How it out-runnes thy hunting eye,
Vſe all perſwaſions now, and try
If thou canſt call it backe, or ſtay it there.
That way it went, but thou ſhalt find
No traſt of 't left behind.
Foole 'tis thy life, and the fond *Archer*, thou,
Of all the time thou'ſt ſhot away
Ile bid thee fetch but yeſterday,
And it ſhall be too hard a taske to doe.
Beſides repentance, what canſt find
That it hath left behind?
Our life is carried with too ſtrong a tyde,
A doubtfull *cloud* our ſubſtance beares,
And is the *Horſe* of all our yeares.
Each day doth on a winged *whirle-wind* ride.
*Wee* and our *Glaſſe* run out, and muſt
Both render up our duſt.

But

But his paſt life who without griefe can ſee,
Who never thinkes his end too neere,
But ſayes to *Fame*, thou art mine *Heire*.
That man extends lifes naturall brevity;
This is, this is the onely way
T'out-live *Neſtor* in a day.

# An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge.

1.

Nichols, my better selfe, forbeare,
For if thou telst what *Cambridge* pleasures are,
The *Schools-boyes* sinne will light on me,
I shall in mind at least a *Truant* be.
Tell me not how you feed your minde
With dainties of *Philosophy*,
In *Ovids Nut* I shall not finde,
The taste once pleased me.
O tell me not of *Logicks* diverse cheare,
I shall begin to loath our *Crambe* here.

2.

Tell me not how the waves appeare
Of *Cam*, or how it cuts the *learned* shiere,
I shall contemne the troubled *Thames*,
On her chiefe *Holiday*, even when her streames,
Are with rich follly guilded, when
The *quondam Dungboat* is made gay,
Iust like the bravery of the men,
And graces with fresh paint that day.
When th'*Citie* shines with *Flagges* and *Pageants* there,
And Sattin Doublets, seen not twice a yeere.

Why

3.

Why doe I ſtay then? I would meet
Thee there, but *plummets* hang upon my feet:
'Tis my chiefe wiſh to live with thee,
But not till I deſerve thy company:
Till then wee'l ſcorne to let that toy,
Some forty miles, divide our hearts:
Write to me, and I ſhall enjoy,
*Friendſhip*, and *wit*, thy better parts.
Though envious *Fortune* larger hindrance brings,
Wee'l eaſely ſee each other, *Love hath wings*.

FINIS.

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